

# Akala - Mr Fire in the Booth Lyrics

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I take 'em out  
(All on my own)  
Cos that's the way im made  
Maybe in your culture suicide is being brave  
The sage of the page makes graves plagued with dark ages  
And ain't no choice to be buried I only do cremating  
For little idiots thats not even rated  
Not even hated not even a factor that needs to be calculated  
And you can't explain it, much less contain it  
Roll with us or get crushed, that i've already stated  
In the plainest terms  
But fools never learn  
Still tryna be what they're not like wearing the blondest perm  
Cos of loss of purpose, I have you lost on purpose  
You can't escape the furnace, so best you praise my verses  
Look around the cooning's a lot  
I spit a sentence quick like a judge with a coon in the dock  
But these clowns with their dead sound hate me  
Still they don't count like a dead brown baby